

Dock, Wharf, Riverside, and General Labourers' Union
of Great Britain and Ireland.

FROM
H. D. LLOYD,
Winnetka, Illinois.
THE

"HELP YOURSELF" GOSPEL

OR

THE NEW TRADES UNIONISM,

BEING THE VERBATIM REPORT OF AN

ADDRESS TO THE DUNDEE DOCKERS,

BY

BEN TILLET.

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A D D R E S S .

(Reprinted from the "DUNDEE ADVERTISER.")

Mr TILLET said—Mr Chairman and fellow-workers, I have been very anxious over this meeting, and I am afraid that I shall not come up to your expectations, because I am pretty well run down. Yesterday I addressed two large meetings. A meeting of about 6,000 men send their hearty congratulations to the men of Dundee, and wished them God-speed, and better wages and better conditions. (Applause.) We will have a pretty rough time of it ; but, after all, we are getting along. I believe that such meetings as these are educational—educational in the truest and highest sense.

A BREAD-AND-BUTTER RELIGION.

They enable us—you and I—to talk over our common wants. Ours, as I have said before in Dundee, is a bread-and-butter religion. We want a bigger loaf or a bigger slice, and a bigger share of the world's goods. We are quite prepared to work steadily and legitimately in order to acquire the right and the powers and the means and the instrumentalities of wealth. We are quite prepared to work slowly, so that we shall do so the more safely. These improved conditions and circumstances the more safely they have been realised, the better will we maintain them, and retain them when once we have acquired them. As a workman I have used what little brains I possess to think out this question. I believe that if we were all to do our share in that direction, we should be very much more in advance of our present position than we are. (Applause.)

OUR PRINCIPLES.

Our trades unionists, then, have principles in view—they have principles of working. The first principle we go on is that of sober men. We don't admit a drunken man into our branch meetings, and I hope the Dundee men do not do it either. (Applause.) We ask, and we say, that no meetings shall be held in a public-house. Not that we are hard on the publican, but because we can do better without the publican. (Applause.) When we want a drink then we'll have it at another time, but when we do business then we all want to be clear-headed. The first principle then, we ask, is that men look to their home, to keep their heads clear and level—to be master of the pot, and not the pot master of them. (Applause.) Now, then, I don't

think a Salvation captain would object to that. (Laughter.) The next thing we ask for is a higher standard of living. We say that the higher our wants the more our social requirements. (We demand more comforts.) The better it will be for the country, the better it will be for the stability of her commerce, the better it will be for her laws, and the better it will be for the homes of the people, when the working men get more.

THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE,

before all, demanded their attention. Unless the homes of the people are such that gives us a chance to give our children a good bringing up, so that they will have a good backbone and a well-nourished body when manhood and womanhood is attained to, and that they may be able to bear the responsibilities of life with that sturdiness that shall give credit to the country. (Applause.) That we are ignorant there is no doubt—(laughter)—but we are learning, there is no doubt of that. (Laughter and applause.) Those who don't believe it, if they have any brains left in them let them look back upon the past six months, and then look away and beyond in the past and tell us that there has been no advance. Mates, there is a glorious advance.

THE WATERLOO OF LABOUR.

I believe, without boasting, that the great Dock Strike of London—(applause)—was the Waterloo of labour—(applause)—and a Waterloo that will live as long as that Waterloo on Belgium's plains will live, and as long as Wellington's name shall be remembered—(applause)—and its benefits will last; its benefits will grow, and when our children shall come after us they will enjoy liberties that you and I have fought for and won. Why do I say we fought for it? I believe to-night that it would be far easier for a man to face death where there is the shout of comrades and the excitement of the wild rush of battle, and where men are maddened with excitement, than facing death deliberately as thousands of mortals face death who are starved amidst wealth and opulence. I would rather, to-night, have the quick death of the soldier than I would the miserable death of the pauper. (Applause.) I believe that five weeks of marchings and of meetings, that night and day work, were as much a strain upon our men as any of the weary marches across the Soudan, and it required as much manhood; and, God bless them, I think our women in London gave our men courage, for their glad eyes opened with wonderment; and it was so day after day as we marched past. I believe the women helped us to win that battle as much as the men did—(applause)—and I hope when I come to Dundee again that we shall see some of your

wives here. (Applause.) Some of you seem to think that it is only yourselves that ought to be trades-unionists. I believe if some of your women were trades-unionists they would stick to their guns better than you would do. (Applause.)

TRADES UNIONISM FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

I believe in the trades unionism that shall appeal to our women and to our children. You can be as enthusiastic trades unionists as you can, but what is good for you is good also for the wife that helps you, and who plods wearily side by side with you to the grave. I believe the time will come when our women shall also be enthusiastic, and will sing labour songs and tell the story of labour to the child as she nestles it in her arms. I believe it will be better for us all if our first lessons of trades unionism are learned from the lips of the mother that bore us. Not until you get your wives and your women to teach the growing generations shall we have that refinement, that good manhood and womanhood, that will look capital and greed in the face, and dare it to do its worst. (Applause.)

THE CHURCH'S RESPONSIBILITIES.

The Chairman was speaking just now about the amount of profit made by some of your capitalists. Well, I believe I am a Christian man—at least I try to be, and I was never ashamed to own it. At the same time, I believe that the Church is responsible for a large amount of the apathy and the lethargy on the part of the people. I believe, judging from the ordinary trades unionist standpoint, that perhaps if we applied to church membership the ordinary rule of trades unionism, we would find some blacklegs in that membership—(applause)—for I have known some of the biggest sweaters church members, and taking the best seat there. It is that class who are fond of giving a penny for a soup ticket and collaring about a half sovereign for it. (Laughter.) I do not say this in any spirit of profanity, but I say this to-night, candid and straight to the Church of this country, a man who sits in a church pew, and who prays as a deacon, unless he acts up to what St. James says an employer of labour should do, I believe he is putting Christ, God, Gospel, and purity in the background; that he is a living libel and blasphemer in the name of Christ, whom he neither loves, neither does he attempt to imitate. (Applause.) Why I speak so to-night is this—My best friends are those concerned with the Church, and I often talk over this subject with them. Many of the men, many of the capitalists that I have talked with believe in the equality of the sweet bye-and-bye—(laughter)—but they don't believe in it here. (Applause.) What we say is this—There is no man who reads his Bible but what

appreciates the heavenly conditions of equality. While I do not say that we should claim a rigid equality; but yet equality of opportunities I do claim. (Applause.) I say that the want of this equality is productive of much evil. On the one hand the rich enjoy all the bounties of Nature, and are more moral, lead better lives and healthier lives than the poor; on the other hand, the slums with their squalor and misery is the prolific mother of vice and disease, and all that is vile and ungodlike. Poverty, then, is what you and I have to abolish, and never till we have abolished poverty can we rest from the work we have undertaken. (Applause.)

POVERTY A PROLIFIC MOTHER.

What I claim is this—all the moralists claim, all the preachers claim, all that they desire, can be brought about by this effective weapon of trades unionism; and I say to-night that poverty is the prolific mother of 90 per cent. of the sin, and not until we get pure homes, sanitary houses, good living, good work, and good wages, can we ever hope to have a healthy and a purified nation. (Applause.) If trades unionism can bring that about, then I claim that we ought to have the support of all moral men. Why do we say trades unionism will give stability to your commerce, and stability and comfort to the nation? Because it places in the hands of men and women the means of more consumption. It places in their hands the money which in active currency does good, again, again, and again. The more it is distributed the better the lives of the people; the more it is monopolised the greater the misery of the people. (Applause.) When we state that, we speak thus—twelve hundred and fifty millions of money is the annual earnings of the nation; out of that twelve hundred and fifty millions, twenty-five millions of human beings get four hundred and fifty of it; about six millions get eight hundred millions of it. That is a difference, is it not? Out of this the people say they can't afford to give us better wages. It is a lie, and you and I have to fight that lie tooth and nail, and never until we bring capital to its senses, never until we permeate the lives of the middle and upper classes with the holy fire that Christ gave us; never until the morality of the Gospel finds a lodgment in their hearts, can we ever hope to make them think as men, feel as men; and never until the religion of humanity enables us to claim succour for our little ones, manhood for ourselves, health for ourselves, recreation and education for ourselves; never till we can claim that, can civilisation hold up its head as it ought to do, and he who says we are a free and happy nation is a liar. (Applause.) Five-sevenths of the population thus get one-third

of the wealth of the country. There are three million paupers that cost us £10,000,000 direct from the State; another £20,000,000 is added to that from private charities. Well, then, when they tell us that we are a saving nation, they forget to tell us that the amount of money saved is only £12 per head all round. The amount of money saved is in our benefit societies and savings banks, and only represents that amount. To pay our debts to the local tradesmen and sum up the number of tradesmen who pay the money in—to whom it belongs—and it is very little we have got to look forward to in these savings.

LIVING HAND-TO-MOUTH FROM CRADLE TO GRAVE.

At one end of the ladder we find men and women who dare not look to the morrow without a feeling of anxiety. Were that morrow to come and they were out of work, they would be starving; were a week to come they would be starving; were a month to come they would be starving, living hand-to-mouth from cradle to the grave. Is it right? Any well-fed horse can claim a week's keep. A slave would fetch his £700 in the United States. Every able-bodied workman who goes there is worth £1,000 to the States; but what is it in our glorious old country? How many unemployed are there? There are over one million unemployed. There are over five million on the verge of starvation, and instead of the owners of the land increasing in number, they are decreasing. I will read to you what a celebrated Scotchman said of the crofters. "They occupied a few acres of arable land each, with the right of peat and pasture on the mountains, and of fishing if near the sea or a loch. The crofter's house was often built by himself, the byre for the cows and the barn for his crop being under the same roof. He generally possessed some cattle, sheep, and a pony or two, a boat, nets, and fishing gear, and a supply of needful implements and household furniture. His croft supplied him with food and the great part of his clothing; his annual sale of cattle paid his rent. He had an abundance of dried fish or salt herrings for winter use, and he thus lived in a rude abundance with a little labour, and knew nothing of the unremitting daily toil by which labourers in other parts of the country gain their livelihood." Such is the description given of the Highland crofter class in Sir John Macneill's "Western Highlands and Islands." Now, where are they and their children? Denizens of unwholesome slums of the city or work-houses; forced to leave their native land for ever, because of American millionaires buying up the land in order that they might shoot and spread their legs, while men go hungry to the

grave. Now, then, what have we to understand? Some people say we ought to appeal to Parliament. Well, I have had quite enough of Parliament. (Applause.) I believe it is the most unwieldy and stupid piece of machinery that ever we were cursed with. (Laughter and applause.) Your Junior Member for Dundee only said to me on Friday night—comparing Parliament to five locomotives at one end and six at the other, he said they snuffed and they snorted, and they prevented each other from moving. (Laughter.) Party politics is not what you and I have to deal with. Our politics are a bread-and-butter politics, and when I speak of the political machinery I don't speak in disparagement, and I don't intend to say that it is entirely useless. I believe it would be useful, only the people don't know how to work the engine. The political machine should be fired and heated with the love of humanity; but it is not—it is only heated and fired by the greed of landowners and capitalists, and the few good men who battle stoutly for us are overpowered.

WHAT HAS PARLIAMENT DONE?

What has it ever done? What will it ever do? The members of Parliament are what have been called thieves. Those of you know this who have read the history of your country, and have not thought too much of Wallace. (Laughter.) Those of you who have read the history of your country will find this, that in England the barons held the sway at one time, when the people backed them up, and when the King, to get a little of his own way, gave them liberties in spite of the barons; and so it was between the shuffling and the squabbling of the barons and the King that most of the free cities in England had their charters given, which was merely the result of the squabbles between two thieves. (Laughter.) Now, then, what is it to-day? Some people tell me the Legislature gave you the Factory Act. Why did they give us the Factory Act? Because John Bright, Cobden, and Roebuck, who represented the Manchester capitalists and factory owners, fought for free trade, and won it. The landlords who suffered looked about for some means to give

"A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER."

They said, "They have taken away from us a large amount of wealth from our land and agriculturists. Now, we will have our own way, and take some hours off the labour of their operatives." John Bright fought it, Roebuck fought it, Cobden fought it tooth and nail. They held meetings all over the country, saying the movement would drive trade away, and would stop their factories. Never mind about the children—

never mind the women—never mind the immorality—never mind about the early deaths. Lord Ashley—I always remember him—one of the aristocracy, had to fight the tribune of the people—fight the cause of the little children, who in the mines were forced to work with harness round their waists like dogs, and made to draw trucks. Then there were the girls and the women, who had to work long days in the factories. Yet John Bright stood against the shorter hours. That is the one black spot in John Bright's history and his life (applause)—and it will live, perhaps too long, and much of the good he did may be forgotten while that lives. It was when his pocket was touched that John Bright proved a great traitor to the working man, and proved also as big a Tory as ever lived. (Applause.) And I am sorry to say that I believe had he not taken it up the tramways would have been held by the people who live in the towns; but he said it should not be done—that they should be given up to Directors, who were the capitalists. But at Huddersfield, I am very glad to say that the tramways are held by the people, and that their employees work eight hours a day—(applause)—and have a better wage, and are all the better for the change. That political machine of which I was speaking, you and I must never cease until we remedy it. We can't do work with it just now. Many people are going about the country telling us what we ought to do, but they don't tell us how to do it. I believe trades unionism will do it, and that is why I advocate trades unionism. We can't expect much from the capitalist House of Commons, with its two hundred landlords and its nine labour members, and I do not like to speak too respectfully of them—(laughter)—so many lawyers, so many feather-bed soldiers. (Laughter.) There is not any vested interest for capital that is not represented in the British House of Commons.

WHAT THE CAPITALISTS HAVE DONE.

I believe, speaking honestly, that the capitalists have sacrificed our best blood, and left our best men to bleach on African plains. They send our men out to fight the black slaves in the interest of the bondholders. The political machine will do all that—it will waste blood and treasure; but it will never do much for labour as it is at present constituted—the component parts of which is of greed greedy, and the men, almost every man there, as you will see, is holding a brief for some capitalist interest. They even tell us, some of them, that we get good laws very easily. When you get the wolf to lie down with the lamb, when you can get the tiger to fondle lovingly with the little child, and when the miser loses his love

for gold, then you may expect the British House of Commons, as it is at present constituted, to look beyond the barriers of blind human greed, and look straight into our hearts and homes, and listen to the plaint of our children for bread, look into the wan and pinched faces of the poor, and look at the ragged, starving men; never till their soul gets above the hell of greed can they look down into the misery of the people. (Applause.)

A HELP-YOURSELF GOSPEL.

I only want to say this—all that we ever got, all that has ever been given to us, we have had to get ourselves. I said once before the Lord helps them that help themselves, and our gospel is a help-yourself gospel. The political economists have expended wonderful resources and a wonderful amount of brain power in endeavouring to reconcile the irreconcilable conditions of society. They have given us many theories; they have proved them down to the hilt—or rather they think they have proved them. (Laughter.) A member of the present Cabinet three years ago, whom I asked to help us, said No, I can't do it; your men are too far down—they can't be helped. I despise that man. (Applause.) But he is just as good as a lot of the others. As we preached the gospel morning after morning, Sunday after Sunday, our men began to think on what we told them—that there was a glorious future before them if we would only stand shoulder to shoulder. For two and a half years we preached that gospel, and we showed there was more vitality in the movement than many people supposed. Talking at Oxford to a meeting of students and dons, we told them that their political economy was a dismal science, and that morality did not support a political economy which did not say that every willing worker shall command a competence. We told them that when their political economy stood in the way of morality, as our grand old Cardinal Manning—(applause)—said, political economy must die; political economy must not live if it is not moral. They told us that the unskilled labourer could not unite. Well, we have given the lie to that, for our membership is many thousands strong. (Applause.)

AN IMMENSE GAIN.

I believe, taken collectively and taken individually, there has been an immense gain, and individually a gain of about 15 per cent. all round on unskilled labour. (Applause.) In some cases we have had 100 per cent., and in some 200 per cent. gain, and they said they could not afford it. Somehow or other they did manage to afford it—(applause)—and it won't be my fault if we don't get some more. (Applause.) Why, then, do

we say that our Union has done good? There is no honest man living but can point to such good or action, no matter how he may shuffle. What is more, they cannot give us any plan—a different plan—than the one we have adopted. (Laughter.) I said to Mr Ritchie, the President of the Local Government Board—You men with your education, you men with your talent, when we ask you to reform the conditions of our being, you turn round and tell us to do it ourselves, after you tell us you only can do it. I would say to Lord Salisbury that he does not understand the question. (Laughter.) I would say to Mr Gladstone—much as I love him—I tell them that he has not had the real grip of the nation's interest; his heart has never beat in sympathy with the tired factory operative. (Applause.) Mates, we have Alexandrias to attack and demolish, and which have more need to be fought than the Alexandrias of Egypt. (Applause.) We went the year before last to

THE SWEATING COMMISSION

to give evidence about the poverty and the misery that we knew of, and what is the report? They have sat there, and they have made up their minds not to sweat. (Laughter.) They left us about twelve months looking for that report, and they tell us now that they did not know before of the poverty that existed. But their eyes were blind to the fact. The Government take our attention off such things into the Soudan, to fighting Russia, or something. But if these bondholders want to fight, let them get an army out of Piccadilly and let them go out, and let Goschen be Lieutenant-General of them. (Laughter and applause.)

A BIG BATTLE TO FIGHT.

What we have to fight is a bigger battle than that, and I tell you to-night if your politics stand in the way of your standing shoulder to shoulder by each other, cast them aside as the Delilah that has sold the labour Samson, shorn him of his strength, and left him eyeless and blind to work his own destruction. No, mates, you and I must not listen to anything; if our political candidates do not love our homes and won't fight for them, then away with them. (Applause.) Better you never register a vote, than vote for a man that is careless of your wants. (Applause.)

TRADES UNIONISM AN EFFECTIVE WEAPON.

I believe, then, that our trades unionism, in the first place, is the most effective weapon we can place in our hands, and which if we don't make use of we are fools. (Applause.) We are worse than fools, for we shall be idiots, and worse than idiots. For the sin of neglect and the sin of cowardice, the sin of

leaving our children any longer to cry for bread is a sin black and vile, that is staining your lives, and which will rob you of your joys of heaven, if there is a heaven for you to go to. I say, then, you must not sleep; it is worse than all sins this lethargy. Instead of sitting down, kick your legs up and call yourselves free-born Scotchmen, brethren, or whatever you like; but if you do not wake up, instead of you calling yourselves that, call yourselves fools, and you will be nearer the truth. (Laughter and applause.) Now, then, we say that whatever happens to us, you and I are connected with each other by a common tie. Why this common tie? Nine-tenths of the people work as we do, and if nine parts out of the ten demand us to be together, it must be a sin if we put the one part before the nine parts and allow ourselves to be robbed out of existence, beaten, betrayed, baffled, and starved, until at the present day the average life of the working man is 29 years. The average life of a man who does not work is 55 years, and yet they tell us that work is so healthful. (Laughter and applause.) Now, then, men, can't you see how far you are wrong. In Glasgow, not very far from here, they had a million tons of pig-iron. In Middlesborough they had about a quarter of a million. Who do you think sold it? Usurers and speculators, the stock jobbers, the men who crucify us. They are the men who don't know the difference between pigs' heads and pigs of iron. They never saw it, and yet upon that big heap of iron they have been able to revel in luxury. They have held it back, driving the iron market up until the people, owing to the high rates, couldn't purchase, and the furnaces of this country have had to be shut up because this iron could not be purchased. But we working men will have an eye upon the speculators—the men who not only gamble in gold, but gamble in the lives of human beings—human lives and human souls; they gamble for them in order that they may live and become millionaires, while they tread our girls in the street, and force our men into the workhouse. Shall I tell you, in London alone one out of three adult men over the age of twenty dies either in workhouse or asylum. Is it right that this should be so? No, mates. Let us tell the world, let us tell those speculators, let us tell our Parliament such conditions must end.

OUR TIME SHALL COME.

Their time is now, but ours shall come in the bye-and-bye, for we shall yet bring about a mighty change, when our children shall share the common property that belongs to them; when the labourer, the twenty-five millions, shall be represented, and not the six or seven millions; and until then

you and I have to organize. I believe a political machine and our trades unionisms are a good help. In many parts of the country the vote of the Trades Council decided the election. There is a power there. No wonder they dislike Trades Councils. There is a big power in Trades Councils. I believe the chief work they will yet have to render legislation will be the careful attention of constituencies, and by their means we may yet get paid members of Parliament to represent us. (Applause.) Never until we get paid members of Parliament shall we ever have labour represented as it should be. (Applause.) That was why John Bright, whose pocket was touched there again by the labour representation in America and in Australia, said he was apprehensive for this country. In America and in other parts of the world their members are paid, but they have not gone to the dogs. In America, where members are paid, their exchequer is overflowing, and the people are strong and loyal and obedient to the laws of the country. In fact, they are far more obedient than the people of this country. Now, this trades unionism will give us what we want. Are you coming to us? Will you help us in our work? There is a bigger labour struggle in the near future than many expect; and when the time comes let us have our battalion into the line, let us have our guns, our ammunition, and our weapons ever in store. When we march shoulder to shoulder boldly up to the citadel of greed its walls will fall, and we shall carry, yes, carry the position before us as other men have done. (Applause.) You and I have met to-night—I don't know whether I have been wearying you. (Cries of "No, no.")

NOBLE SACRIFICES.

We have met to-night to think and to talk. Remember the privilege of meeting to-night has been won by whom? By the men who have gone before us. (Applause.) If I could inspire you with life, if I could infuse into you the enthusiasm that would strengthen you and support you every day of your future life, I would do so by pointing to the noble sacrifices made by those who have fought in the labour van in years past; men that have been sent across the sea; men who were ready to end their existence in prison; and men who have been starved and despised, aye, and women too. These were the men who fought for our liberties, and what we, who are poor, enjoy to-day are the fruits of the labours and the victories of the past. (Applause.) Some of you may say that the plaint did not rise up. The cry that wakes for liberty is as old as the hills, as old as the nation; the murmuring plaint of the first factory operative, the murmuring plaint of the little child and the woman in the

mines, the murmuring plaint of the women of Cradleigh Heath who worked, stripped to the waist, fourteen hours a day. By God, men, it is something to appal us, something to make us agitate, to see our women thus working for fourteen hours a day for 3s. 6d. a week. No wonder these people are demoralised. They are treated thus, and that in a country that calls itself civilised. Their plaint, the murmurings of the hungry, the murmurings for the new life, has lived in the rumblings of the mines, amidst the swish and roar of the machinery, and it has lived there, and it has found its echo in the hearts of the workers of unskilled labour—found its echo in the heart of every true man and woman; and that cry will go on and go on—ever increasing in volume—until men and women are no longer slaves; and from it will come the glad voices of homes made brighter, and of lives made purer, and countries made better. (Applause.) New light is beginning to dawn. You know the lines of Mackay. He says:—

“ There’s a fount about to stream ;
 There’s a light about to beam ;
 There’s a warmth about to glow ;
 There’s a flower about to blow ;
 There’s a midnight blackness
 Changing into grey ;
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way ;
 Once the welcome light has broken—
 Who can say
 What the unimagined glories
 Of the day ;
 What the evils that shall perish
 In its ray ?
 Aid the dawning tongue and pen ;
 Aid it, hopes of honest men ;
 Aid it, paper, aid it, type ;
 Aid it, for the hour is ripe—
 And our earnest must not slacken
 Into play ;
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way.”

A BETTER BATTLE THAN SHOOTING BLACKS.

We want to fight for our rights—an untiring battle. I listened on Saturday night to Bennet Burleigh, the war correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who gave a graphic description of the death of Colonel Burnaby, and to other incidents of war. I listened, thrilled with amazement and pride, at the tales of the pluck of my countrymen; but, mates, ours is a better battle than shooting down blacks. (Applause). There is a greater pride, greater honour, in making the way easier for the working men than it has hitherto been. Ours is a battle

between life and death—a battle from which we must never desist. There are some men who pay twopence and threepence into the union a week, and begrudge it. (Laughter.) It is not only capitalists that are mean. Plenty of men I know who are enjoying five shillings and ten shillings a-week advantage from their society begrudge to pay their twopence. These are not the kind of men we want. But I believe in you, I believe the great bulk of humanity will listen to the still small voice of the man who bids you all go on, looking to better things, always loving your neighbour as yourself. The man who fights for his home will have a better life. Aye, whether he is Christian, Atheist, Tory, Radical, or Socialist, or whatever he may be—the man who loves his home, who fights for his own day by day. The man who is a trades unionist at heart—at work as well as at his meetings—who fights for the welfare of his children ; as sure as there is a God, as there is a heaven, the man who does his duty will have a better chance of passing through the golden portals, look his God in the face, to hear the “ Well done, good and faithful servant.” You and I must work on. I know that a great many people are opposed to us. I will give you an instance. You know we are very fond of having a little bit of a procession now and then, and our chaps like a little bit of colour. One of the old contractors did not like it, so he thought he would make game of it. He tied a little bit of red tape to the tail of his dog which was at his door, and when he saw our chaps going past, he says—“ Why, my pup can wear a bit of red ribbon as well as you.” “ Yes,” replied one of our men, “ but the pup has got more sense in its tail than you have in your head.” (Laughter and applause.) Those, I believe, would tell us to fall back into the same old groove of apathy and despair. You and I have to work—have to fight—have to live. We can prove whether we are worthy of the mother that gave us birth, and the father that fought for us. Let us prove ourselves good men and true, and the world o’er—yes, the world o’er—will admire and help us. The workmen of Australia helped us, the shout came back across the seas and showed the sympathy—the common sympathy—that unites us. Let us thus believe in ourselves, believe in the gospel of hope, love of country—to so fight, so work, so persevere, that the children coming after us shall say God bless us, and their tears of a remembered love shall water the grave that holds us. (Applause.) I do hope that we shall never forget our duty, and you and I know now that the interest of wealth is a deadweight—a millstone on the necks of the generations yet unborn. I believe in man receiving

benefits as the fruit of his enterprise and as a reward for his energy and ability, but I do protest against the folly of placing on the neck of future generations the weight and responsibility of keeping future generations of these men. (Applause.) These men alone are entitled to it, and not their posterity. Therefore, I say that you and I have to fight such claims. (Applause.) Sixty millions a year has been added, and that our children will have to fight. God knows what it will be. We don't say we will revert to the restoration of protection. No, we want more comfort for our working men and working women, and fewer hours of labour ; and one thing we want, of course, is an eight hours' day. (Applause.) Some of you to-night sit down and think how all these things are to be accomplished. There are

MANY DIFFICULTIES.

If the pot stand in the way, kick it into the sea ; if your prejudices stand in the way, uproot them from your hearts ; if your ignorance stands in the way, read, learn, and think as you should do. If anything stands in the way, then pluck it out. If the workmen had plucked out the eyes of their offences all these years ago, we should not be here to-night, asking and appealing to you men of Dundee to join with us. I want all those who believe in our principles to join their respective trades unions, whatever trade you are. We ask you to link yourself with us, and for us, and to share our common blessings. I hope the next time I come to Dundee to see the Docker branch here a thousand strong—not the miserable three hundred odds that it is now. Don't think I am to congratulate you. No ; this is the time for straight words. We want more men in our union. We want more men, and less grumbling. More work, and the measure of your success will be the benefit that will accrue to you, and as you fight so you will be strong. (Applause.) As you go on so you will learn ; as you profit by your experience, so you will be the more efficient and effective in your work. Can I say, then, that we will stand by each other ? Can I say Yes ? If so, Dundee will be a real bonnie Dundee. If the workmen and workwomen of Dundee are as good as ours, they will stand by each other and by their fellow-workers everywhere. The world is looking at us to-night, watching us to see what we are going to do. Let us, then, be worthy to fight as others have fought, and as in America when education gives every man a better chance ; as in Australia, when some means of better education will be given to us, to have a more enlightened view of our responsibilities, and instead of the labourer being a fugitive slave hunted by the hounds of capital, shall have real

freedom of contract. God knows how much freedom of contract there is. The employers of labour and capitalists give us the price of our labour, but if we were to offer them a pound or two to come to do it themselves, do you think they would take it on? (Laughter.) They would go in for a rise at once. (Renewed laughter.) They would be the best trades unionists that ever we had—(renewed laughter)—and what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

WHAT WE WANT.

We want better pay, better living. We want to hold back the hands of greed, and when labour becomes emancipated, so will the labourer become the enlightened being his country requires him to be. Sir James Macintosh, a Scotchman and a philosopher, and a writer of great power, while speaking on what education had done said a new experiment should be tried. We want to be thorough, and that every man should have a free and fair chance of doing well. I believe that the integrity, and honesty, and purity of our lives, and our desires for good will help us and bring us out victors in a struggle more glorious than that of bayonet and bullet. Then our homes shall ring with the laughter of merry children, and we shall go to work honest and upright, and will be able to demand, as a right, a competence that shall keep us in comfort. (Applause). Never until you avail yourself of your opportunities; never until you realise this fact shall we be respected—power alone is respected. And not until the workman's power shall mould his country's laws shall he enjoy the blessings to which he is entitled. Not until workmen are the architects of their country's fortune, not until then shall you and I stay our efforts, but go fighting for the rights, the privileges, and the liberties of the people. (Applause). This struggle for our rights must go on, and if it leads to death it will be dying in a cause, good, noble, and heroic. (Applause).

I believe that the man who has done his duty will feel in his dying moments, as his vision crosses to the Heaven beyond, and he hears the whisper of angel voices, that he, too, will see a vista of earthly glory and prosperity when the voices of his children—whose future will be more hopeful than his own—will be the music that will lull him more kindly into the eternal sleep. (Applause.)

THE UNION MOTTO:

“A Nation

Made free by love, a mighty brotherhood
Linked by a jealous interchange of good.”